



HEAVENLY HELL

Hindered Happiness

T.K.Trayle



Teenagers, Angelica and Devan - meet, hate, then fall in love. But... they discover she's an angel and he's a demon. Can they make it work? See them battle for what they believe in. See them struggle with ultimate sacrifices, betrayals, morals, and, most importantly, love.

HEAVENLY HELL

Hindered Happiness

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6332.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Your Free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!



Copyright © 2012 T.K.Trayle

ISBN 978-1-62141-744-6

All rights reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise) without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

Printed in the United States of America.

This is a work of fiction. All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. References to real people are in passing and in no way are meant to defame them in any way.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2012

First Edition

Please visit T.K.Trayle at facebook.com/tk.trayle
Cover and artwork by Vo Tran at yawzway.com

HEAVENLY HELL

-

Hindered Happiness

T.K.Trayle

*This novel is dedicated to my family, my husband, Vo,
Jennifer, and my 3 E's.*

*And also to those true angels who give without expecting in
return.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROLOGUE	1
 PART 1	
CHAPTER ONE: SHE’S WHAT?.....	5
CHAPTER TWO: ANGELS’ HISTORY.....	13
CHAPTER THREE: FIRST ENCOUNTER	22
CHAPTER FOUR: HE’S WHAT?.....	25
CHAPTER FIVE: THE WALL	31
CHAPTER SIX: DEMONS’ HISTORY	35
CHAPTER SEVEN: COTTAGE RETREATS	45
CHAPTER EIGHT: NEW SCHOOL	51
CHAPTER NINE: DÉJÀ VU.....	59
CHAPTER TEN: THE SLEEPOVER	68
CHAPTER ELEVEN: SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.....	74
CHAPTER TWELVE: WARRIOR JADE.....	76
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: STRING BAND.....	83
CHAPTER FOURTEEN: LIFE’S PASSIONS	85
CHAPTER FIFTEEN: ANGELS’ MEETING	88
CHAPTER SIXTEEN: GRAND BOOK.....	90
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: DEMS’ MEETING	93
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: NATURAL-DEMON DISASTERS	96
CHAPTER NINETEEN: HAYTONS’ MEETING	101
CHAPTER TWENTY: THE PARTY.....	104
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: PROBLEM SOLVING.....	109
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: FACE OFFS	121
CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: MOUNT SINCLAIR	123
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: MR. NELSON’S CASE	127
CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: PHARMACY INCIDENTS	131
CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: DEVIL’S ADVOCATE.....	136
CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN: VELVET’S FUN	138
CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT: WINTER SHOW.....	140
CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: ALSO HUMAN	143
CHAPTER THIRTY: HOLIDAY CHEER.....	146
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE: FAMILY GESTURES.....	151
CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO: BINOCULAR USE	158
CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE: MOST FEARED	164
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR: CAREN’S INVESTIGATION.....	166

T.K.Trayle

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE: CHARITY FUNDRAISERS	168
CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX: FIGHT TRAINING	171
CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN: GABE’S COURAGE.....	176
CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT: HER BOYFRIEND.....	181
CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE: FINALLY MEET	190

PART 2

CHAPTER FORTY: FIGHTING ENCOUNTER.....	199
CHAPTER FORTY-ONE: POLICE STATION	204
CHAPTER FORTY-TWO: STRANGE FEELINGS	208
CHAPTER FORTY-THREE: MALPRACTICE TRIAL	213
CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR: GRAN ANYA.....	216
CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE: AIRPLANE PAIN	220
CHAPTER FORTY-SIX: NEW CLASSES.....	223
CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN: HEART ACHE.....	227
CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT: DOUBLE TROUBLE	231
CHAPTER FORTY-NINE: BOYFRIEND LESSONS.....	234
CHAPTER FIFTY: FIRST DATE	236
CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE: SECRET LOVERS	239
CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO: LOVE/HATE FEELINGS	247
CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE: CAUGHT, RED-DEMON-HANDED.....	251
CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR: FOUND OUT	258
CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE: THEIR FIGHTS.....	267
CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX: STAR-CROSSED LOVERS	270
CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN: FAMILY INTRODUCTIONS.....	277
CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT: WINTER HOLIDAYS	282
CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE: BE MINE	291
CHAPTER SIXTY: HER BIRTHDAY.....	299
CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE: HIS BIRTHDAY	302
CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO: DEMON CHEF	311
CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE: BLISSFUL LOVE	315
CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR: DRIVER’S LICENCE.....	329
CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE: MURDER MYSTERY	335
CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX: BROTHERLY HATE.....	340
CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN: LOVE GARDEN	345
CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT: BREAKING UP	350
CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE: FRIEND SOFIE.....	358
CHAPTER SEVENTY: CRUSHED VELVET.....	371
CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE: HORSEBACK RIDING	373

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO: FINAL YEAR	379
CHAPTER SEVENTY-THREE: PARK OUTING	381
CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR: GRADUATION TIME	385
CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIVE: TERRIBLE SECRET	394
CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIX: MOTHER’S REVELATION	397
CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVEN: VICTOR’S SACRIFICE	402
CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHT: HELEN’S SACRIFICE.....	404
CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE: SATAN’S THEORY	408
CHAPTER EIGHTY: DISASTERS OVERTIME	410
CHAPTER EIGHTY-ONE: BIG ONE	416
CHAPTER EIGHTY-TWO: DEVAN’S REASON	420
CHAPTER EIGHTY-THREE: EPIC BATTLES.....	425
CHAPTER EIGHTY-FOUR: AFTERMATH REVELATIONS	434
EPILOGUE – NEW BEGINNINGS	439

*“Choose to suppress and drown one’s inner demon
evilness within the depths of internal abyss forever, yet
release and let one’s angel goodness rise and overflow the
earth.”*

~ Author Unknown

PROLOGUE

Do you ever wonder why bad things happen to good people? Are we born good or evil, or is it something that we become? Is it really some force that is guiding us? This is an attempt to address that question in a story. This is an attempt to explain why things happen. Believe what you will.

NEWSFLASH: Child Miraculously Saved From Drowning.

Somewhere in Toronto's east end, three-year-old Amanda Keith and her family, had just unloaded their blanket and picnic basket in a local park. While Amanda's parents were busy, she wandered over to the duck pond.

Her mother, Grace, stated that the girl had rubber ducks that she played with at home and perhaps was drawn to the real ducks swimming in the water. When the parents realized she was not with them, they saw her floundering in the water, surely about to drown. They reported that as they ran towards her, somebody or something grabbed her out of the water and set her on the bank.

The only other witnesses were two boys who had been playing nearby. They said they did not see who rescued the girl.

NEWSFLASH: Who Pushed the Ladder?

A Brazilian man, Miguel Gomes, was painting the side of his house when suddenly the ladder he was on started to teeter, and he fell. He reported that he felt something grab his leg just before losing his balance but didn't see anything except a group of boys who were halfway down the street. He thought he had escaped without serious injury, but the ladder fell on him, and the open can of "Washed-out Creamy White" spilled its contents all over his head. According to his statement, he heard the boys laughing as they moved on, but they had not been close enough to have pushed the ladder. His wife, who had watched out the window as the ladder started to tilt, also said that she did not see anyone near the ladder.

NEWSFLASH: Man Credits a "Hunch" for Saving His Family.

In Ireland, the O'Donnell family narrowly missed being hit by a large steel beam at a construction site. They were on their way to the shopping mall, and the father admitted that he was not paying attention as they entered a construction site due to the fact that they were all singing. The man operating the lift that was moving the beam said he saw the car coming, but he had already started to swing the beam and could not stop it

T.K.Trayle

in time. He was amazed when the car swerved at the last second, and the beam missed it. The driver reported seeing a woman in an adjacent car look at him who had what appeared to be a white shining glow in her eyes. Something about her look, made him turn his head in time to see the steel beam come swinging dangerously towards the car window. He swerved and narrowly avoided the beam by just inches.

NEWSFLASH: Freak Accident Kills Italian Welder.

Giuseppe Ranier, a welder with an amazing record of twenty-eight years without an accident, was horribly burned to death by his own welding torch. Co-workers stated that they saw a new employee walk past Ranier, just before it appeared that Ranier turned his own torch on himself. Workers rushed to try to save the man, but he seemed to have a death grip on the welding torch and they could not turn it off. They were also unable to quench the flames before they consumed the man's face, hair, and most of his body. They remembered his blood-curdling scream and the smells and sounds of singeing flesh. Co-workers were at a loss as to why Ranier would have done such a thing. One man reported that they saw the new employee walk away with an evil smirk and a red, fiery sparkle in his eyes. He was never seen again.

PART 1

CHAPTER ONE: SHE'S WHAT?

Madeline Roberts wobbled along slowly down the Toronto streets, using a cane to keep her balance. Her balance wasn't so good of late, and she had to rely more and more on the stick to keep her upright. Still, she was able to appreciate the gorgeous, sunny, late-August day, the type of day that everyone wished for. Not a single cloud marred the sky. It was just a sheet of blue that seemed to never end.

Though frail and unsteady, Madeline enjoyed her daily walks and stopped by the stairs in front of a red brick townhouse to admire the potted flower arrangement of hydrangeas, delphiniums, gladiolus, and gerberas. It was a mixture of vibrant colours that popped and looked like summer. She was pleased that her eighty-five year old brain still remembered the names of the flowers. She glanced up and smiled at a pretty blonde girl with a purple ribbon tied around her hair. The girl was standing at the corner with a lady that Madeline presumed was her mother. She looked to be about fourteen years old and reminded Madeline of her granddaughter, Seraphina, who was also fond of purple.

Ready to cross the street, Madeline looked both ways and swung her cane over the curb before cautiously stepping down. The cane got stuck in the cracks of a sewer vent, and she stumbled and fell over onto the road. As she clutched at the curb, attempting to get back to her feet, she failed to see a big cube van barreling down the road until it was almost on her. The driver was late for his next furniture delivery and was unfortunately oblivious to the old lady. Madeline looked up in horror and rolled to her knees, trying to get out of the way.

In that split second, it was like time stood still. Madeline saw the girl with the purple ribbon in her hair, glance over and then there was a blur. She felt a gripping force on her shoulder just as the wind from the truck whisked by her. The truck had missed her by mere inches. The old lady thanked her lucky stars that she had been able to move enough to avoid the truck. Still, her heart pounded frantically against her chest as she sat there for a moment to steady herself. When her long breaths had eased, she picked up her cane and proceeded to the safety of the sidewalk.

The whole thing was like an out-of-body experience for the girl named Angelica Hart. It had happened so fast that the ribbon in her hair had yet to gracefully settle back against her shoulders. She had glanced over and sprung forth like a gust of wind and nudged the old lady's shoulder ever so

slightly, allowing the truck to narrowly miss her. By the time Angelica was back by her mother's side, she wasn't even sure she had left it. She shook her head and blinked a couple of times. Did that really happen? Did she just fly across the street and save that lady? Angelica glanced up at her mother, wondering if her mother saw what had just happened. She was about to say something to her but then changed her mind. How could she ask about something she wasn't even sure of herself?

Angelica enjoyed the shopping trips she took with her mother, especially when they included a visit to the Second Cup on the way. They stepped into the busy coffeehouse and got in line behind a boy and his father. The little boy, who looked to be around four years old, was loudly protesting something as they made their way to the head of the line, but the father ignored him as he ordered his coffee. Suddenly, the boy let out an ear-piercing screech. The father had a newspaper tucked under one arm and had just picked up his usual order of a large Café Latte with a sprinkle of cinnamon, when the screech tore through the restaurant. He quickly slammed his cup back down on the counter which caused the lid to pop off the cup. He turned around to deal with the screaming child, just as his elbow knocked the piping hot drink over the counter.

For Angelica, it was once again like time stood still. Before the drink could spill on the poor boy and burn his head and face, she had another strange out-of-body experience. She found herself catching the drink before any of the liquid could leave the cup and placed it back on the counter. And once again, she was by her mother's side in a blink of an eye.

Not bad, thought the mother. Not bad at all. Not even a drop spilled. She's getting good at this.

Angelica shook her head in disbelief.

The father picked up his squalling son in one arm, newspaper tucked under the other, full cup of coffee in hand, and left the coffee shop, oblivious to the tragic accident that could have occurred.

It was on this summer day, when Angelica had turned fourteen, that she realized she was different. And what had happened or not happened – she still wasn't sure – suddenly made her feel a little queasy. The thought of shopping for new back-to-school clothes no longer excited her. She glanced at her mother and said, "Mom, I don't feel good. Can we go shopping some other day?"

"Sure, sweetie."

Angelica and her mother, Caren, drove back to their downtown condo in silence. Angelica was pondering the events that just happened, and Caren

was paying attention to the busy Saturday morning traffic. Caren parked their white sedan underground beside their SUV crossover, the family's second car. Both were hybrid models, which the family hoped contributed to fuel economy. It was important to Caren that they erased as much of their carbon footprint as possible.

The Harts had just moved to a bigger place last year. Their high-rise had thirty-five stories and was amongst a few other condo buildings in the area. It was off a bustling main street that had many shops, restaurants, and small businesses. It was made of grey brick and had floor-to-ceiling glass windows. The ever-popular Yorkdale Mall where Angelica and her mother were coming home from was only a few minutes away. It was where all the kids hung out on the weekends.

As they walked past the around-the-clock security desk, Caren greeted the security guards, but Angelica was still completely lost in her own thoughts. They went up the elevator to their place in complete silence. Angelica was mulling over the strange events that had just occurred.

Angelica's eyes shifted nervously. *Did I just imagine it all? Am I going crazy?*

Caren noted the tight lines of anxiety on her daughter's face and wondered if it was the right time to tell her daughter the secret truth. She could see that Angelica was bewildered at what had just happened.

After Caren keyed the lock and opened the double oak doors, Angelica rushed in, took off her shoes, and hurried to the kitchen. She propped herself up on one of the stools at the counter. Still in a daze, she laid her head down on her favourite spot on the sandy coloured, black speckled granite that reminded her of the calm of a sandy beach. She was still in a daze.

"That's the fastest shopping trip of all time," called Angelica's father, Lawrence, from around the corner.

Caren quickly slipped into the office, where Lawrence sat at his big glass-topped desk that was surrounded by shelves and shelves of medical books. He looked up from his computer when Caren stepped in. "I think it's time to tell her, honey," she said.

Lawrence nodded, got up, and followed Caren back to the kitchen. They split up and both sat down, one on each side of their daughter.

"Sweetie," began Caren as she smoothed her daughter's rumpled hair and pulled her up to a sitting position, "we have something we want to tell you, and it's not going to be easy, so please brace yourself."

Angelica did just that and straightened her posture. Her eyebrows seemed to fall over her eyes. *This sounds important. I wonder what it is.*

"At first it may sound quite unbelievable. This is the same thing that we told your brother when he was around your age."

As if on cue, in walked Angelica's brother, Gabriel. His hair was dishevelled, and he had a sleepy look to his green eyes, making Angelica realize he had probably just woken up.

Gabe inherited his pretty-boy good looks from his parents and similar dirty blond coloured hair. He must have also inherited his height from them because when he didn't slouch, he was quite tall. His father was almost six feet and his mother was five feet ten inches. He grabbed a banana from the fruit bowl and peeled it quickly. He wolfed it down in three huge bites. Gabe ran his hand through his tousled hair and sat down at the counter. "Finished shopping so soon?" he asked.

"Good morning, son," Lawrence said. "Do you mind if we have a few words with your sister?"

"Did your perfect angel do something wrong?" teased Gabe.

"Gabe, please..." Caren pulled Gabe up from the stool and shooed him towards the doorway of the kitchen.

"But, Mom!" Gabe protested loudly. "Tell me what's going on, please?"

"We're going to have a talk with Angelica."

"About what?"

Caren sighed. "Okay, we're going to let her know what she really is."

"Really?" Gabe stopped in his tracks. "But she just turned fourteen. You waited until I was almost fifteen before you told me."

"I can't help it if she's a faster learner than you," Caren joked. "You know girls mature quicker than boys."

Gabe gave his mother a smirk, grabbed an apple, and shuffled slowly out of the kitchen as if his feet were heavy as bricks.

Caren sat back down next to Angelica. "So, sweetie," started Caren, "do you want to know what's going on?"

"I...I guess so," mumbled Angelica, completely oblivious. She was still in her own little world, recounting the day's events again. She felt her forehead to see if she was getting a fever. *Maybe I'm getting sick and just hallucinated it all*, she thought.

Caren took her daughter's hands and looked deep into her light blue eyes that were flecked with green. She brushed a few strands of honey blonde hair off Angelica's forehead, whose hair shade seemed to change

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

during the seasons, going almost white during the summer. Her face was always pale, yet it seemed to still glow. Caren noticed how her daughter was starting to look more like her as she got older.

Lawrence had pushed his stool closer to his daughter and was now rubbing her back.

"I think I'm coming down with something," Angelica reasoned. "I think I was hallucinating this morning." She was babbling more to herself than anyone else in the room. Angelica almost didn't realize that there was anyone else in the kitchen.

"Actually, you're not," Caren said. "We weren't going to tell you until next year but you've seem to be catching on quickly...more so than your brother."

"I knew it! I'm dying of some family disease that you've never told me about!" Angelica flopped dramatically over the counter.

Recently, the teenage years had turned her into a drama queen. Other than this, Caren and Lawrence were lucky that their children were fairly easy going. When Angelica had these moments, they gave her space because they attributed her attitude to her raging hormones. On the other hand, Gabe attributed it to just being a female. He never had that attitude and was always easy to get along with.

"No, don't be silly," laughed Lawrence.

"Then what is it? I'm adopted?"

"No, silly," Caren said. "But what I'm about to tell you might be equally as shocking." She paused.

"Well, what is it?" Angelica asked impatiently.

"You're...you're actually an angel..." revealed Caren and braced herself for her daughter's reaction.

"Thanks, Mom," Angelica said not even trying to hide the sarcasm in her voice.

"No, really," Caren said.

Just then Gabe barged into the room, his face alight with excitement. He had been listening from around the corner. "Are you having weird experiences? Like you're leaving your body and flying instantly to help someone? Did you save a couple of people from stuff happening to them? What did you do?" Gabe gushed.

Before Caren or Lawrence could react, Angelica stood up so quickly that her stool crashed to the floor. "What are you talking about? How do you know what's been going on with me?"

“Actually, sweetie,” Caren said, “it’s been going on since birth.” She looked over at Gabe. “For you both. It was a lot weaker before. You’ve just started to get better at it.”

“Better at what?” Angelica pulled the stool up and sat back down. She was really curious now and was glad that she was not getting sick or coming down with a fever. Maybe someone would finally tell her what the heck was going on.

“Like your mother said,” Lawrence continued, “you’re an angel. We’re all angels. Actually, you and your brother are both Guardian angels right now. You started having these so called ‘out-of-body experiences’, which are just speedy fast powers, when you were just a baby. The very first time was when you were playing on the floor with our friend’s baby. You saved him from suffocating on the blanket.”

“Your powers are getting stronger and you’re getting quicker,” Caren said.

Angelica smirked. “What? I don’t believe this.” She looked at her parents as if they were crazy.

“It’s true,” Gabe said. “I can do it, too. Here, I’ll show you.” He got an apple from the fruit basket and launched it at his father’s head. In a blink of an eye, Gabe caught the apple before it reached his father.

Angelica’s jaw fell open. “What the hell?”

“Angelica, watch your mouth,” Caren said.

“Sorry, Mom.”

Lawrence glared at his son, shocked that his son had just tried to take his head off with an apple. “You are so lucky you caught that.”

“Sorry, Dad. Just using you as an example.”

“There are thousands of us all over the world, born to do God’s bidding by taking care of people,” explained Caren. “It’s been in your nature since birth.”

As far back as Angelica could remember, she always felt the need to help others. It was almost second nature to her. Whether it was to open a door for a mother with her hands full pushing a baby stroller, carrying a grocery bag to an elderly woman’s car, or even just picking up a doll for a child who had dropped it at the playground, Angelica was compelled to perform little acts of *niceness*. “So, tell me about how I saved that baby?”

“Our friends, the Rogers, were visiting with their baby, Graham,” Caren said. “You and Graham were on a blanket on the floor. Graham got fussy and was rolling and flailing his arms. Somehow he got tangled in the blanket. Before I, or anyone, could move to untangle him, you somehow

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

got the blanket off him.” Caren reminisced on how proud she had been of her daughter, as she gently put Angelica to bed in her crib and rubbed her back with the “soothing” cream.

“Wow. That’s so awesome,” Angelica said. “Did I do any other things?”

“Well, when you were about three, you stopped a girl from falling off a swing,” Lawrence said. “By the time you were four, you had prevented numerous scrapes, bruises, and head injuries at the park.”

Caren chuckled. “Remember the time we went to a fancy dinner at ‘Chez Pierre’? Angelica, you were about seven then. We had the clumsiest waiter I have ever seen. He just about set himself on fire reaching over the candle on the table. Then he dropped a steak knife and almost impaled his foot. You saved him from both disasters.” Again, Caren recounted that night how she and Lawrence felt like proud parents, after they had helped Angelica rub the “soothing” cream on her back and had tucked her into bed. Had the waiter known, he would have also been happy that he didn’t have third degree burns or a nasty gash on his foot, due to Angelica’s reactions.

“Really?” Angelica wondered in astonishment. “I did all of those things?”

“Of course,” said Caren proudly. “You picked up the powers much quicker than your brother.”

“What do we do with these powers?” Angelica asked. “Are we superheroes? Who else are like us? What—”

“Okay, Angelica...slow down. Breathe,” Lawrence said. “We’ll tell you everything from the beginning, exactly how we told your brother.”

* * *

At that precise moment, in mid-west Miami, California, an entourage of construction trucks and bulldozers came thundering down a deserted dirt road. Clouds of dust danced and twirled behind them and finally dissipated. It looked like a caravan of vehicles going to a construction site to build houses.

“Let’s hurry and get this over with,” said a dark-haired man with spiky hair, sitting in the passenger side of the first truck. “I want to get to the beach party and get into some mischief.”

The line of vehicles finally reached its destination in a long stretch of desert. Several men and women, who looked like they regularly worked out in order to maintain their well-toned bodies, exited the vehicles. They quickly got to their assigned tasks, knowing their mission.

T.K.Trayle

The huge bulldozers started digging into the surface of the ground. Several hours later, the result was a deep, massive crevice that was about five football fields long and two fields wide. After doing their jobs, the construction vehicles backed off, and the rest of the crew methodically unloaded the many boxes of precious cargo from the trucks.

“Okay, guys,” instructed the spiky-haired man, the obvious leader. “Time to fill in the cracks!”

The crew planted explosive devices at intervals all along the crevice. Once the explosives were in place, the leader shouted that he was setting the timer. “Everyone has two hours to get to safety!”

With the same attention to detail, the crew packed up the shipping crates and left, peeling off in separate directions. All that was left was a cloud of dust and a new blemish on the desert floor.

It was now six o’clock in the evening.

Two hours later, at exactly eight o’clock, a massive explosion erupted in the desert. Shortly after, the earthquake that hit Miami measured a six on the Richter scale.

The headline in the newspaper the next day, all around the world, showed that eighty-nine people had died due to the earthquake.

The leader of the assault sighed, disappointingly, “That’s it? I thought there would at least be a hundred casualties...”

An outpouring of donations had gone out to the families and much needed relief to the victims of the earthquake.

CHAPTER TWO: ANGELS' HISTORY

"Here, why don't you start with these?" Caren handed her daughter some papers that she had retrieved from the office. "We know you won't be able to remember everything we tell you today. So this is a little history of how angels came to Earth."

"You can ask us any questions you have after dinner," added Lawrence.

Being told she was an angel still had not fully sunk in. Angelica glanced at the papers her mother had given her. She went into her room and propped up a pillow on her bed. She started to read.

* * *

Angels were originally put on Earth by the Mighty One as guardians to protect human beings from evil. Their orders from him were simple – to help humans. That was fairly straight forward enough...until a fallen angel, named Satan, had turned on the Mighty One and began to assemble an evil army to cause harm to humans, to wreak havoc, and to create disasters.

Originally, Guardian angels were meant to help guide humans to safety but were to remain unseen. At first, the only way that demons could be put on Earth was by means of possession. They would take control of a weak human being, which required a lot of power to do. However, Satan somehow was able to delve between the two realms and demons could be born as humans. In this new process, they were not as easily detected. Satan also found it easier to control these human-born demons and make them carry out his wishes.

The Mighty One had no choice but to fight back by creating his own army that could be born in human form. Like the demons, they were virtually undetectable.

Now, angels live throughout the world and adapt to their surroundings and human traits. They come from all walks of life, have a variety of different careers, and even have families. Anyone could be an angel.

The only way to tell if a person is really an angel is by the creases embedded in the palm of their left hand which resembles the letter "A", for *Angel*. Of course, the other palm shows an "M" marking similar to both palms that mere mortals bear, which stands for *Mortal*.

Angels have wings that are kept tucked in their backs, inside their bodies. After puberty, when their body changes, the wings can be controlled to stay inside the body until needed. However, before then, a

T.K.Trayle

special “soothing” cream must be used to keep the wings concealed into their backs to hide them from sight.

* * *

“So *that’s* why my folks have been telling me to put that cream on my back every night...” Angelica leaned forward, lifted her shirt and tried to feel around her back to see if she could spot where her wings would pop out. All she could feel were the points of her shoulder blade. “Hmmm. Maybe I’m still too young.”

She pulled her shirt back down and continued to read.

* * *

It is also difficult to detect, but angels usually have a special twinkle in their eyes. They have a white ring around their pupils and white flecks within their irises that can only be detected in certain lights and only by the most pure hearted humans. In a battle, angels grow a single white streak down their hair.

The presence of angels in the world explains some of the miraculous mysteries that make people stop and wonder. For instance, how did that baby fall off the balcony and survive without even a scratch or a bruise? Or how have people walked away from horrific automobile accidents completely unharmed? On 9/11, what made some people decide to not go to work; a decision that ultimately saved them from the collapse of the Twin Towers? Or how do some people make miraculous recoveries from cancer or other fatal diseases? In each of these situations, an angel either guided the person to safety by using physical means or mental mind control.

* * *

Angelica stopped and thought about that. If she had mind control, maybe she could convince her teacher to give her an “A” on her next assignment. She giggled. “I’d never have to do homework again.”

* * *

Later, after dinner, her parents told her more about the powers angels have. “There’s a hierarchy of angels,” her father explained. “The Archangels have the most power, then there are the Mid-Angels, and finally the Guardian angels. We are all subordinates of the Mighty One.”

“And like we told you earlier, you’re a Guardian angel,” her mother said. “You have the power to protect mortals from harm – like you did to that lady this morning, or like how Gabe caught that apple before it hit your father.”

“And a good thing he did,” Lawrence said with a chuckle as he leered over at his son.

Gabe pretended not to notice his father by glancing up at the ceiling.

“All angels are born with lightning-fast *powers* which first manifest themselves slowly and subtly and can’t be detected by human eyes,” her mother said. “As we move into our teenage years, the hormones in our bodies help develop these abilities as well as other ones. We become faster and better with the power as we reach adulthood. Fully developed, these powers make angels faster than the speed of light, and that is why a human’s untrained eye can’t detect such movement.”

“Does that mean that Superman is an angel?” Angelica asked.

“What?” Caren asked.

“You know...the superhero from the comics, with the big *S* on his chest. They say he’s faster than a speeding bullet.”

Caren laughed. “No, honey. He is not an angel, but his characteristics do resemble some real-life angels.”

“Oh, right.” Angelica sighed, rolling her eyes. She was finding some of this information difficult to believe. “Okay, so tell me about the other groups of angels.”

“Why don’t you take it from here?” Caren said, nodding to Gabe who was finishing his dessert.

Gabe choked on a mouthful of apple pie. “Who? Me?”

“Yes. You studied all this last year. Here’s your chance to show off.”

Gabe swallowed the last of his pie and pushed the plate aside. There was only a year and a half age difference between the two siblings, but Gabe always acted much older and proclaimed himself as the wiser of the two. It was now his chance to prove how much he knew.

“Okay, little sis, here’s the deal. The next step after Guardian angel is Mid-Angel, which is awesome. They have all the powers we have, plus some. They can sense danger and ‘see’ things that have happened just by touching an object.”

“How do you ‘sense danger’?” asked Angelica.

“Well, sensing danger usually happens by a tickle or an itch that causes you to instinctively react. Maybe you felt something like that this morning?” answered Caren.

Angelica nodded. "But I didn't know what it meant."

"Now you do, and now you can respond to it with a greater sense of awareness the next time," her father said. "The other part that Gabe is referring to is being able to touch a person's possessions and seeing what has happened if someone is missing or hurt and can't tell the authorities what has happened. This can be very helpful to an investigator or the police."

"The other thing that a Mid-Angel can do is...get ready...this is a biggie," continued Gabe. "They can morph!"

"They can what?" asked Angelica.

"Show her, Mom," Gabe demanded being the know-it-all he was.

"Right," said Caren as she got up and tapped her finger on her chin. She slowly started to say, "Well... you... know... how... your... father... is... always... saying... that... I... am... smarter... than... a..." She paused between each word to create drama. Before she could finish the last word, her usual blonde locks the colour of straw, started to darken and turn a reddish tinge, as ears poked slowly up from her head like two mountain tops. Her eyes narrowed and nose became black and changed shape. Whiskers sprouted out of her cheeks. Sharp fangs replaced her teeth. The same red hair sprouted all over her body with patches of white. Her fingers and toes curled up and nails grew out to reveal paws. The finishing touch was the tail with a white tip that grew out of her backside.

"Fox!" Angelica gasped, finishing her mother's sentence. Angelica's eyes appeared as big as dinner plates, her mouth agape. "Oh... my... *God!* I can't believe it! That is so awesome!" she said, just as her mother morphed back to her human form. "Will I be able to do that?"

"We never know for sure," Caren said. "Some angels never attain powers beyond that first level. We don't know why. But since you started so early with your powers, I wouldn't be surprised if you achieve the next level."

Angelica slapped her hands together. "Good. I want to be a cat!"

Caren laughed. "When morphing, we can take the form of any creature, large or small. One of the reasons why we morph is so we can listen to conversations and not be noticed. That helps us find out things that we can use to prevent accidents or disasters. Some of my favourites are the Buckeye butterfly with their black all-seeing eyes, and the deer that always gazes at you with wondrous eyes. I've discovered that the dragonfly and the hummingbird are such unique creatures that some people suspect them to be angels. Anyway, you have the capability to morph into any animal you

wish for a very limited time. Angels often have favourite animals that they prefer to morph into.”

“So who’s in charge of all this?” Angelica wondered. “The Mid-Angels?”

“No,” her father said. “The Archangels are the top class. They have the powers of mind control and the ability to predict future occurrences. They often lead the meetings we have and relay messages from the Mighty One. Like your mother said, only some Guardian angels ‘graduate’ and become Mid-Angels. And even fewer become Archangels.”

“How do you know what rank an angel has?”

“We all wear these necklaces.” Lawrence pulled his from beneath the neckline of his shirt. “We start with a white necklace. If you become a Mid-Angel the necklace will change to silver, then to gold if you become the highest skilled Archangel. You will receive one around your mid-teen years.”

Gabe pulled his necklace out from under his shirt. “See? I got mine last year.”

“Why haven’t I seen it?” Angelica asked.

“Mom and Dad told me to keep it hidden until you were older and got ‘the talk’. They didn’t want you to see it and start asking questions before you were ready for all this information.”

“Oh...” Angelica ran a finger along the smooth surface of Gabe’s necklace. It was such an ordinary looking necklace that she would never have guessed that it was so special. “Does that mean I’ll get one next year?”

“Yes, you will,” Caren said, “Although exceptions have been made. Sometimes the necklace can be given sooner. We might ask at our next meeting if you are ready for yours now.”

“Wait! That’s not fair,” Gabe complained. “She should have to wait just like I did.”

“I know it doesn’t seem fair,” Caren said. “But we can’t hold anyone back. Even you said a couple of weeks ago that you thought your sister had strong powers.”

Gabe made a sour face and tucked the necklace out of sight. “Okay, but I don’t have to like it.”

“I’ll wait if that will make you happy,” Angelica said. She really didn’t like it when he got in a sour mood.

“Whatever...” Gabe got up and went over to the family room where he turned on the TV.

Caren sighed. "He'll be fine." She turned to Angelica and said, "Is there anything else you want to know?"

Angelica thought for a minute and then asked, "How does predicting the future and mind control work?"

Caren answered. "You can have psychic abilities that occur in dreams or just a brief visual flash of the event in your mind, provided you are within a certain range of the location. Mind control is the ability to control someone by making them think a certain way or prompting them to glance in a certain direction to avoid danger. But that can usually only be sustained for just a few seconds. Remember, these powers that I just described are only *if* you reach the Archangel class."

"Can we do this with anyone?" Angelica asked.

"No," Lawrence said. "For any of these powers to be effective, the human must have a pure heart and soul. So now you know most of those good deeds and miracles that happen in the news are with the helping hand of us...angels. We angels also have to touch or somehow come in contact with the mortal for this power to work...hence the term 'you've been touched by an angel'."

Caren got up, stretched, and poured herself a cup of coffee. "You want some, hon?" she asked Lawrence.

"Sure." He got up and grabbed a mug. Then he turned to Angelica. "Do you want a drink? Milk?"

Angelica went to the cupboard and grabbed the cocoa powder. "I'll have some chocolate milk."

After they were settled with their drinks, Angelica asked, "You said you were going to ask about my necklace at the next meeting. When do you go to these meetings and what do you talk about?"

"We go to meetings once a month," Caren responded. "There we get information on disasters that are going to happen and we discuss how we can prevent them. We also get to hear about the good deeds others have done. And as I said before, this is where we get information the Mighty One wants us to have."

Angelica recalled the monthly meetings that her parents went to. "But you told us those were meetings about work. And all this time, I thought you were both at the hospital."

"We're sorry to hide this from you, sweetie, but don't you see? Being angels is our life's work," Caren said.

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

Angelica took a swallow of her chocolate milk, and then looked at her father. "What about the wings? If we have wings, we can fly, right? When do we get them?"

"Actually, they are already there, tucked away in your back," Lawrence said. "You already know how to fly. You're born with the knowledge of how to. It's almost like an instinctive trait."

"What if I crash into something and get hurt?"

Lawrence laughed. "Don't worry about getting hurt. We can get hurt, just like humans, but we heal faster. And you should be able to control your wings and fly without crashing into anything."

Angelica had a smile from ear to ear. "Awesome! I can't wait. I'll fly to school every day...then fly to the shopping mall and to..."

"Hold on," Caren said. "We fly only when necessary. This isn't like some amusement park ride. And we certainly don't want to draw attention to ourselves by such open displays of our powers."

Lawrence ran a hand through his unruly hair. "Well, I, for one, am done with all this angel talk for one session. I'm going to go lose myself in a mindless television program." With that, he got up, gave Angelica a kiss on the forehead and settled himself down next to Gabe on the couch.

"Good night, Dad. I think I'll go to my room for a while," Angelica said. She gave her mother a kiss on the cheek. "Night, Mom. Thanks for the talk."

"You're welcome, sweetie. You're taking it pretty well, considering we just told you that you're an angel."

"It's kinda cool, Mom. I mean it totally makes sense why I've always wanted to help people and why I'm nice, sweet, kind, also beautiful inside and outside..."

"Mom, Dad, geez!" cried Gabe, turning his attention away from the TV. "I think I see her head starting to grow so big that it's going to explode!"

Caren laughed. "Sweet dreams."

Once in her room, Angelica powered up her laptop and started browsing the internet to see what she could find about angels. It wasn't that she doubted anything her parents had said. She was just curious. She wanted to know as much as possible. Her prior knowledge was limited to tidbits of information she got from some literature, books, or movies about angels and demons. She knew that not everyone believed in them. They existed only in certain religious beliefs. Angels were generally from heaven and took orders from God and did good deeds. She knew about Guardian

angels, but had never heard of the others. She also knew of the fallen ones that were angels that turned to evil. Angelica remembered reading a book that talked about the Devil and his helpers. She pondered about the thought that mortals had no idea that there were all of these classes of angels and that they lived amongst them. Humans could never explain some of life's miracles, nor could they explain why evil things happened. But now it was starting to make sense to her.

Angelica clicked on the first website that came up in her search and read the short definition aloud, "Angels are messengers and helpers of God. The word 'Angel' comes from '*angelos*' which is Greek for 'messenger'. Their roles are to guide humans to choose goodness over evil, and to protect human beings. They represent our inner subconsciousness. There are different types of angels, such as Guardian angels who essentially guard and protect humans, Nature angels who protect what Mother Nature has created like rivers and plants, Cherub angels known for invoking love in humans, and Archangels like St. Michael who are the highest ranked and mightiest protector of the whole planet."

Nothing was much different from what her folks had told her, except for the Nature angels and the Cherubs. Angelica thought it was pretty awesome that there were angels watching over the earth. It sure needed some watching over.

She opened another website, and when she read the first part of it, she decided to go share the information with her parents and brother. She carried the laptop into the family room. "Hey, you guys. Listen to what I found on the internet about angels."

"Not yet," Gabe said, "this is the best part. Besides, I thought you were going to bed."

"Come on," said Angelica. "Would you be able to sleep if you just found out that you were an angel?"

Lawrence grabbed the remote from Gabe and muted the television, as Angelica put her laptop on the coffee table.

"Sorry, Gabe," Angelica said. "I'll make this quick." She scrolled to the top of the webpage and began to read. "Customarily, angels are thought of as winged beings seen in churches. However, they can come to Earth in all different forms, creatures big and small. In human form, they can be of any class, religion, status, or age. They usually enter in a person's life when they are most needed to guide and protect, then will suddenly disappear." Angelica had to chuckle at the next line. "They say that the presence of an angel can be detected by hearing the tinkle of a bell when they enter into

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

the real dimension from the spiritual one. That transition is often accompanied by a feeling of warmth and inner peace, or even a scent that signifies pureness, usually flowers. A baby's newborn odour is actually the lingering scent of their Guardian angel, who is usually present for the first few days to ensure that the newborn has safely made it to his new environment. Also, when a newborn is held, he tends to stare upwards. He is actually looking up at his Guardian angel."

She looked up at her brother. "Hey, Gabe. What kind of flower scent comes with me when I walk into a room? Roses?"

Gabe rolled his eyes. "Is skunkweed a flower?"

Angelica threw a coaster at him which he snatched out of the air with ease.

"What you have been finding there is true up to a point," Caren said. "But when Satan turned his demons loose on Earth, God had to adapt. That's when he made it possible for angels to be born into humans, so they wouldn't need to be in disguise."

"Hey, Mom," Gabe said. "Are you going to tell her about the battles?"

Angelica gasped. "What?"

"You will be risking your life in battles all the time. You have no choice, since you were born this way." Caren said, ignoring Gabe's question.

Angelica wasn't sure how to feel. She was just trying to absorb it all. She felt overwhelmed yet a little proud and special. Her head was spinning out of control with all of this incredible information. "What battles?" she asked, wondering if she had just heard correctly.

"Time enough for that later," Lawrence said, glaring at Gabe. Then he turned to Angelica. "I have one more thing I want to tell you, and then I truly am done talking about us and our history for tonight. This has to do with aging. The aging process for an angel is half of what it is for a human. So if an angel lives on Earth for one hundred years, they are really only fifty years old. When angels do die naturally, or in combat, a ray of light appears, and their souls are taken back up to heaven. Their human bodies stay on Earth and will disintegrate into the air, seven days later. Normally, angels live to be around two hundred years old, unless they are killed."

Angelica's jaw dropped and her eyes widened. "Wait, but who, or what, can possibly kill an angel?"

CHAPTER THREE: FIRST ENCOUNTER

“Demons,” Angelica’s mother answered. “They are our biggest enemy. Like I said before, they take on human form too, but you can usually spot one by the strange red flecks and glow in their eyes. Sometimes a room or a place may feel cold if a demon is present.”

Angelica thought back to a time when she might have encountered her first demon. Or at least when she was aware that something was not quite normal about the boy she saw. She would always remember that hair, and especially those eyes. How could she ever forget?

It had been a cool, fall day at the beginning of the October long weekend, and Angelica and her family had gone up to their cottage. As best as she could remember, she was about ten years old, and they were down at Robin & Son’s General Store, which was located only a few miles from the cottage. The whole family loved the delightful and charming store because they could buy their groceries, supplies, and all sorts of knick-knacks there. She remembered walking into the store, just as her mother ran into a friend and stopped to chat.

“Angelica, would you be an angel and run inside and pick up some milk and eggs?” asked Caren.

“Sure, Mom,” replied Angelica.

Caren watched her daughter go inside the store and was appreciative that her children were always helpful and never talked back to her. She had been noticing that more children at this age were starting to not be helpful or disrespect their parents. Maybe it was just because her children were angels – literally.

Inside the store, Angelica walked down the dairy aisle, then turned a corner and bumped into a black haired boy about her age wearing a red hoodie.

She noticed how wild his hair was, literally a mop of thick jet-black hair that was only partially contained by the hoodie. She glanced down at his mouth which was full and pouty and had a smirk that was the perfect complement to his eyes. And those eyes...oh, those eyes.

Angelica looked into his dark grey eyes and was mesmerized for a second. They were piercing enough that they could probably burn a hole into the next aisle. Right away she noticed the little flecks of red in his eyes, like flickering embers of a fire that had been snuffed out yet was still sizzling hot. She thought she could see right into his soul and was lost in

the depths of it. He had a mischievous look and twinkle in his eyes with the longest and thickest lashes that Angelica had ever seen on a boy.

He was with another slightly taller boy with long, lighter black hair, who glared at her.

Somehow Angelica sensed that these boys were up to no good. "Excuse me," she murmured and brushed passed him. The air was cold and as their arms grazed each other, she felt the slightest bit of coolness. "Oh, sorry," she apologized.

"Ump," grunted the black haired boy. He turned around and continued talking to the other longer haired boy.

Angelica was taken back and a little offended. *How rude is that? He didn't even apologize.* She was not going to say anything, but she couldn't help herself. "Uhhh. Normally you say 'sorry' if you bump into someone," stammered Angelica, with her hands on her hips and one foot tapping the ground.

The boy mocked her by putting his hands on his hips and tapping his foot. "I didn't bump into you. You bumped into me," insisted the boy as he nonchalantly turned his back on her, signalling the end of the discussion.

She walked down the aisle in a huff, then turned to glance back at the boys and noticed that they were pulling labels off jars. *Stupid boy pranks.* She started to walk on.

She didn't see the man pushing a buggy that had passed by behind them. Suddenly, the man's hand jerked forwards. When she looked back, she saw the buggy crashing into a shelf of pickle jars and the man standing there with a shocked expression. *Had they done something to cause that?* She still remembered the laughter from the two boys, even until this day.

As the jet-black haired boy left, he turned to take one more glimpse at the blonde-haired girl. He would always remember her incredible bluish-green eyes. It felt like looking into the ocean in which he wanted to delve into and drown in. They appeared to have strange white flecks in them and almost glow. And that hair...it was wispy and so feathery soft that he wanted to run his hands through it. Maybe it was what made her look like she had a glowing aura surrounding her. He rubbed his arm where he had bumped her and could feel the tingling sensation left behind, as it radiated a strange warmth from it.

Later that day, after they returned to the cottage, Angelica was still fuming over how rude that boy was. She felt her arm. She lifted up her sleeve and noticed a bluish colour bruise that still felt cool to the touch. It just reminded her of that silly boy, so she quickly pulled down her sleeve.

T.K.Trayle

Angelica didn't know it but she would meet him again, four years later...

CHAPTER FOUR: HE'S WHAT?

Devan, Seth, and Barry ran out of the store to the parking lot as fast as they could go. After strolling noisily through the convenience store and shoplifting a couple of candy bars, Seth threw the bomb he had made out of household cleaners down the snack aisle. They gobbled up the candy bars and laughed, covering their ears when the bomb went off. It made an awful mess in *Aisle 3*. It was like an explosion at a candy factory – fun for the children, but messy for the store owner as candy, chocolate bars, and chips were scattered everywhere.

“Ahhh, just another fun-filled day,” Seth said as they headed down the street.

“The best was when you got that man to trip over his dog into fresh dog crap,” Barry said.

“I actually liked dumping that drink all over that boy and pushing his face into his ice cream cone.” Seth chuckled. “That fat boy really didn’t need either one. But the absolute best was this last one. That’ll teach that store owner to treat us like a bunch of thieving teenagers.”

“But that’s what we are,” Devan said.

Seth couldn’t tell if Devan was kidding or not, but chose to laugh anyway. He punched Barry on the shoulder. “You bad boy, you!”

They all laughed at that, and Seth relaxed. Devan was okay with all this. He had to be. He was Seth’s brother. Brothers hang together. That was a rule. At least Seth hoped it was a rule.

The last deed on their list was to give the store owner a good dose of terror. Seth always had something against the owner because he looked at them with suspicion when they came into his store. Seth was just barely a year older than Devan, and while their faces were the same shape with a cleft chin, they didn’t look like brothers at all. Devan had hair as black as ebony, and while he kept it shorter than Seth’s, it was still long enough to graze his eyebrows – eyebrows that framed eyes as grey as fog, when they didn’t have the fiery glow. Girls found his pouty lips and dimpled cheeks attractive, and even grown women would stop for another look. His caramel coloured skin tanned easily, which gave him a “surfer boy” look and allowed his teeth to glow like pearls whenever he smiled. Unfortunately not many have seen this, as he rarely smiled.

Seth had longer black hair that fell to his shoulders. His eyes were dark brown, almost black with flecks of crimson red in them.

Their personalities were a lot different, too. Devan was quiet and moody. He had always been a little temperamental and blew up easily. He didn't like people or crowds and would much rather do things alone, like play his guitar. He was an introvert. He blamed much of his temper and mood swings on teenage hormones, but especially on his father. They didn't have a great relationship, and Devan resented the fact that whatever he did was never good enough. He and his father rarely saw eye-to-eye on anything.

Seth was loud and obnoxious at times. He always felt the urge and was compelled to do bad things to people. Seth's favourite line that he used often was, "Don't hate me...the devil made me do it."

Seth and Devan had the usual brotherly relationship where Devan looked up to his brother and often did what he was told to do. Lately, they started rivalling each other, seeking their father's attention. For the most part when they were younger, anything that his older brother did had to be right, without question in Devan's mind. In the beginning, with their pranks, he looked forward to them and actually had fun. He had never thought of the consequences. Perhaps it was because he was happy to be allowed to hang out with his older brother. He thought that maybe it was just what he was supposed to like. Recently, as he became a teenager, he was getting tired of it all. Devan was now constantly questioning what they did. He was easily annoyed at how his brother wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and how he always seemed to persuade him in some way to go along with him. Most recently, he also felt a little twinge of guilt right after doing some of these things, or at least what he thought was guilt. It developed into an irritating and gnawing feeling in the pit of his stomach that became stronger and more intense each time.

Their friend Barry lived next door. They had met him the first day that they had moved in two years ago. Seth and Barry took to each other right away, maybe because they were closer in age. At times, Devan felt like a tag-along. Barry had light brown hair and often sported a buzz cut. He told Devan that he liked it that way because he thought it made him look more menacing. Devan thought Barry was menacing enough with all his muscles. Barry was number one on the wrestling team and was quite the defenseman for his junior high football team. He was thick and solid, even at a young age. His older brother, Lucas, was built the same, and both their physiques were partly due to the fact that their parents were above average in size. Their father, Gore was six feet two and was 268 pounds of muscle, and their mother, Kelly was just over six feet and weighed a solid 192 pounds

of muscle also. They both attributed their physiques to owning a gym and being personal trainers. Lucas, who was a troublemaker, had taught Barry everything he knew. He was their source when they needed to purchase alcohol to liven up some of the parties that they went to.

"You didn't look like you had much fun, Devo," remarked Seth, who had nicknamed his brother "Devo" when they were young. The trio were heading home.

"You know it's not my thing," muttered Devan. "I just go along for the ride."

"What do you want to do for fun, then?" asked an exasperated Seth. He often got sick and tired of his brother's moodiness.

"I don't call what we do fun, anymore."

"Fine, then you can just watch us and miss out on the fun we're having," Seth said as he huffed away, catching up to Barry.

Along the way, Seth and Barry continued with their pranks. They made a cyclist trip over a rock, and a mother spill her water bottle all over her baby. Then they made a boy trip and fall hard against a lamp pole.

Devan was glad when they finally reached home. Barry gave a little wave and headed for his house, and the boys started up the walk to the magnificent, old Victorian mansion they called home. It was tucked away on a quiet cul-de-sac, off a busy street of high-rise condos.

Devan's family had lived in the old Victorian mansion for just a couple of years. They moved after Devan's father was acquitted of malpractice charges at two hospitals he had worked for. It was better that the family moved to another town to start fresh.

The grey stone and brick mansion was built in 1894. It was well-hidden beyond black wrought iron gates that led to a snake-like winding driveway. There was a huge, stone fountain in the front yard. A remarkable gabled roof held a balcony above it with a turret to the side. Numerous floor-to-ceiling windows allowed huge amounts of light to enter the spacious rooms. Three chimneys that reached up the roof were visible from the front. Many finger-like vines had wrapped themselves along its side, making the mansion look as if the life was being choked out of it and evoking an eerie feeling. The other things that gave the mansion the perfect touch of spookiness and mystery were the weeping spruce and weeping willow trees at the very front entrance, which Devan brushed by. They reminded him of wilting phantoms with huge arms outstretched as if reaching out for anyone who dared to come up the pathway. He really didn't like them and preferred the large oak trees, magnolia trees, and Japanese maples that were

sporadically placed on the grounds, which were always kept in immaculate condition.

Two enormous columns framed the massive mahogany front doors. Devan followed Seth into the front entryway with its grand ceiling and marble floors. They walked passed a table and mirror with hooks and stopped at the front hall closet where they hung their jackets. Their mother was a stickler about not leaving things lying around. Above them hung a crystal chandelier that made light sparkle and shimmer and dance along the walls. It always made Devan think of the disco balls in the movie “Dirty Dancing”. Just beyond the entry hall was a curved, grand staircase that led up to the second floor’s six bedrooms and then the third floor’s games room loft.

Period details of crown molding, custom cabinets, and built-ins were made in superior dark cherry wood that made the place so hauntingly beautiful.

The owners’ tastes in furniture were all dark, and the paintings mirrored the melancholy feeling. Some of the rooms had an oriental theme to them with rich brown, red, and black shades.

The mansion was spacious and elegant and his mother loved to entertain in the formal areas, but Devan’s favourite spot was the corner bay window on the second floor, beside his bedroom. It was a good place to just sit and look out on the distant golf course where he could see men driving their carts and then taking shots. They were so small that they looked like toys. The boys often spent time laughing as they caused some of the many mishaps to occur, having contests to see who could make the most stray balls come in contact with other golfers’ heads.

Once inside, Seth turned to go to the kitchen, probably to get a snack. He was always hungry.

Devan hurried up the stairs, eager to get to his room, which he kept unusually neat and tidy for a boy. Perhaps his mother’s tidy ways rubbed off on him. He needed to be away from his brother for a while. He grabbed his guitar and plopped on the bed, strumming a few chords. He glanced at the poster of Nickelback on his wall, wondering if he practiced enough if he could maybe become as good as Chad Kroeger. *Yeah, like that could happen.*

Devan absolutely loved his guitar. He received a toy guitar similar to Seth’s for his birthday when he was four years old. Devan genuinely tried to learn how to play it. His father had scoffed at him and teased him about how feminine his hands would turn if he played the guitar. Of course, Seth

used his guitar as a weapon, much like a bat, and proceeded to bash anything and anyone he could with it. This met the more approving eyes of his father. It was Devan's mother who persuaded his father to allow Devan to take guitar lessons at age eight. He was a natural and never looked back. He loved the acoustic guitar. He could make it sing through his fingers, and he loved the vibration and sense of being lost in the music when he was playing.

On the other wall, he had a painting of a serene cottage scene overlooking a lake. Between playing the guitar and looking at the painting, he was happy.

He played for about half an hour. The music and the solitude calmed him down. Then he realized it was time to start dinner for the family. He plodded down to the kitchen. Except for the original stone fireplace, the rest of the kitchen was newly renovated and updated with its granite countertops and top-of-the-line restaurant quality appliances.

Today Devan was craving Thai or Vietnamese cuisine. He always had a desire to eat healthy and light after a mischief spree with his brother and Barry. He felt he needed to cleanse his soul and forget about what he had just done, and that could best be done by submerging himself in picking out some vegetables, chopping them, and then cooking them in a steaming hot pot on the stove. Perhaps it was the steam that helped soothe and cleanse him. He could always take the heat in the kitchen.

After dinner, Devan again retreated to his room.

Not too long after, his brother Seth knocked on the door, then stepped in. "Hey Devo, you ready to go to Barry's party?"

Devan looked at his brother, framed in the doorway. "I'm not in the mood."

"Come on. What's your problem?" asked Seth.

"Nothing, just not in the mood," Devan repeated.

"What are you going to do? Just lie around and watch TV? Besides, I told Barry we'd be there."

"Fine." Devan clicked the TV off and got up. He knew Seth wouldn't leave him alone until he gave in.

"You sound so enthused," Seth said, with sarcasm sharp in his voice.

Devan just gave him a scowl as they exited his room.

Barry's house, which was not as grand as theirs, was still very impressive. It was a red brick and stucco home with a meticulously-kept front lawn. An evening dew had fallen, so the boys left black footprints in the wet grass. On the porch, they wiped their feet on the mat and opened

the double doors. Barry's parents had let the teens know they were always welcome and that the doors were always unlocked. They entered the house, passed the dark slate floors and grey walls of the grand foyer, and descended the basement staircase to get to the games room.

When they got downstairs, a couple of girls and guys were setting up the pool table for a frame. Two kids were playing air hockey, and three girls were lounging out on the couch with soft drinks in hand. Seth stopped to survey the gathering, and then shook his head. "What a boring and lame party. I need to liven it up."

Devan stayed for a couple of hours, trying to have a good time even though his brother spiked the punch and then started a couple of fights. But after Seth had a guy spill his drink all over a girl's dress, then had another guy grab a girl's breast, he'd had enough. Besides, he had planned to leave in the evening before midnight anyway.

Devan left without telling Seth and went home to an empty house. His parents were still out visiting with friends and had told the boys they wouldn't be home until late. He went into his father's office, wanting to pick up the latest World Geographic magazine. He grabbed the magazine from a shelf and as he stood in the stillness, he swore he heard the soft sound of voices. Then he heard a creak and a louder sound that was like a door slamming. *That's odd. No one should be home.* "Hello?" he called as he stepped into the library. "Mom? Dad? Are you home?" There was no answer.

Devan looked around and noticed a book jutting out from the rest of the row. It looked like it might fall off the bookshelf, so he walked over and pushed it back into place. Then he heard the same creaking noise as before as that section of the bookcase slid into the wall and turned inwards, revealing a secret passageway. "What the hell?" How long had this been here and he had never realized it?

CHAPTER FIVE: THE WALL

Devan thought maybe he shouldn't go in, but then his curiosity got the best of him. He cautiously stepped into the passageway and saw a steep stone staircase. Once he got to the bottom, Devan walked slowly down a long corridor of grey brick. The air in the passageway smelled musty, damp, and just old. What was quite unusual about this hallway were the rows of framed pictures running down the seemingly never-ending wall. Devan could only see darkness beyond it.

"What is going on here?" Devan said out loud as his left eyebrow lifted.

He paused long enough to look at the first black and white picture. It was of a woman dressed in an Egyptian dress and headband with a serpent on the front. He guessed that it was Cleopatra, who was the last person to rule Egypt as an Egyptian pharaoh. He'd read about her in Ancient World History. In the picture, she was seated on a stone-like throne with two buff, shirtless bodyguards on either side and many servants surrounding her. One of the guards had eyes with a fiery, piercing glow. The inscription on the bottom of the picture revealed that it was indeed Cleopatra. "I don't get it," said Devan.

He continued down the hall, hoping to figure out what these pictures meant. He made an educated guess that it was in chronological order because the next few pictures were in black and white also, and the people looked like they were wearing outdated clothing. Each had a description or name at the bottom.

There was another black and white picture that depicted a woman who was getting ready to kneel before a guillotine. She was in a dress and had a dark bag covering her head. The glimpse of dark curly hair could be seen just below the bag. To the left of her was the executioner with his rippling muscles, wearing grey pants and holding the axe. To the right of her were a couple of people, which Devan assumed were the crowd of spectators. One of the spectators was a woman with long ratty hair. She had a huge grin on her face. But that was not what Devan noticed. She had eyes that had a fiery glow also and darker halos around the pupils. Devan knew that she was a demon. Under the caption, it said the "Execution of Anne Boleyn". He guessed that a demon had something to do with helping Anne to her execution. Devan knew that Anne Boleyn was the queen of England for only two years and was executed in 1536 for charges of witchcraft, incest, and adultery.

Next was a picture that depicted the recognizable face of Adolf Hitler who was surrounded by a crowd of his supporters. Hitler had fiery eyes, along with his infamous black square moustache. He gave the usual hand salute to his followers. Devan had the teachings of grade eight history classes so he knew this was during WWII in around the 1940's. He knew that Hitler became leader of the Nazi Party and was responsible for millions of deaths. He also noticed that in the sea of supporters, there was a man that looked very much like his father who was cheering.

"How could that be?" wondered Devan aloud, in a hushed voice. "That can't be Dad. That would make him over 70 years old." He thought that it was probably just someone who looked like him.

He didn't recognize all the people or events in the pictures but he did notice that they seemed to chronicle either a famous, cruel person that had done some evil deed or the worst disasters in history, either natural or man-made. Each one also showed a demon or two that may have helped guide that person. There were many famous kings like King Henry VIII and King Edward VIII, presidents, and inventors of weapons. There was the owner of a tobacco company, who was guided into making cancerous and addictive cigarettes. *I knew it*, thought Devan. *Who could think of such an evil addiction to harm themselves and also others by exposing them to second-hand smoking?*

He got to a few more recent pictures because they started appearing in colour. Devan was more familiar with some of these events. Devan knew that the success of nuclear weapons had been guided somewhat by demons in the laboratories. Many argued that nuclear power was meant for good, especially with the power shortage, and to keep Earth with sufficient amounts of it. However, there were the dangers of such nuclear powers due to plant meltdowns or nuclear weapons being placed in the wrong hands.

There was a picture of the Thirteen Mile Island Nuclear Generating Station in Pennsylvania, where a partial core meltdown had occurred in 1983. Mechanical failures and operator errors in not recognizing the loss of coolant to a relief valve that was stuck open were to blame. Inadequate training and human factors caused an emergency evacuation. Devan also guessed that the couple of demons appearing in front of the nuclear station had something to do with the "human factors".

The next one showed three pictures in a grouping; one was of Osama Bin Laden, who led Al-Qaeda in 1988 and was involved in the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Who couldn't forget the attacks? They were several coordinated suicide attacks on the U.S. Al-Qaeda terrorists hijacked four

commercial jet airliners and crashed two planes into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York City. A third hijacked airliner crashed into the Pentagon in Virginia. After some heroic members on the plane tried to retake control, the fourth plane crashed into a field in Pennsylvania, which the hijackers had directed towards Washington, D.C.

The second picture depicted an airport camera that showed a Middle Eastern man going through an airport security. Devan guessed that he must have been one of the hijackers. Of course, right behind him was an older gentleman who had those same fiery, piercing eyes with darker halos around the pupils.

The third picture was of the aftermath of the Twin Towers which was referred to as Ground Zero, where a group of demons were standing in front of what was left of the Twin Towers with smirks on their faces. It looked like a tourist souvenir shot.

On a closer look, Devan immediately also recognized the man that looked like his father standing in the group. "What is going on?" Devan said. "I...I can't believe Dad's involved in this stuff...Why would he be involved in this stuff?"

One picture showed a flood that occurred in New Orleans, where homes and possessions were strewn all over the place. Another picture depicted the sufferings of people in Asia where a massive tsunami hit. Devan knew that these were all natural disasters that occurred in the past few years. *What do demons have to do with these?* thought Devan.

Devan was relieved when he finally got to the end of the hallway. By then, his heart was racing wildly and he was flushed and sweating. Could this be true? What were these pictures insinuating? He almost did not want to believe... "Wonder why Peawee Sherman or that blue Barney dinosaur isn't on the wall?" he whispered, trying to make light of it all.

At the end of the corridor, he noted that part of the wall was empty, where more pictures could be hung. The very last place had just an empty photo frame labelled "Big One". Devan wasn't sure what that could be for.

He opened a door at the end of the hall and looked into a massive room that was dimly lit. It looked like a place where a big cult or sorority meeting would take place. The lighting came from three large chandeliers that hung above three huge wooden tables, and sconces along the walls. Devan didn't pay any attention to anybody occupying the rows of seats facing a man at a podium. His attention was riveted to this man. He drew in a quick breath at the sight of the man with fiery eyes and greyish horns that protruded from

the front of his head. The man was dressed in a black suit, and Devan had to do a double take...It was none other than his father.

A child was lying motionless on a table in front of the podium. A large red wound gaped at her neck and blood dripped into a crimson goblet on the floor under the table.

The sight rendered Devan motionless for a few seconds as he tried to assimilate what he saw. Then his face scrunched up in disgust. He turned around and fled the room.

Devan ran down the corridor, up the stone staircase and slipped into his father's office as fast as he could. He raced out of that room and took the steps of the staircase two at a time, not pausing until he got to his room, where he closed the door. He undressed quickly and got into bed. He tossed and turned, trying to comprehend what he had just seen. He couldn't shake free of the images of all those pictures on the wall, his father with horns, and finally that motionless girl with blood dripping out of her neck. He felt ill.

At some point he must have fallen asleep because he was awakened by a soft knock at his bedroom door. His parents, Victor and Helen, stepped in. "Are you still awake?" his mother asked softly.

"Mom, Dad. What the hell is going on?" Devan rubbed his eyes. "You were supposed to be out. Dad, I saw—"

"We know what you saw, and we'll explain. You're old enough to know the truth," interrupted Helen before he could finish. She went over to her son and sat on his bedside. "But we have to start at the beginning."

CHAPTER SIX: DEMONS' HISTORY

Helen explained to Devan that Seth knew everything already. Seth was not supposed to say anything until they were ready to let Devan know what he really was. However, Devan kind of had an idea that he was a demon. He had experienced some super, fast powers of his own and witnessed his brother and Barry using these powers when they were up to their pranks. He also knew there was something different in his eyes that sometimes glowed like fire.

"Since it is the middle of the night, we won't tell you everything you need to know," Victor said. "You can always ask questions later. We'll begin by telling you about Satan. Some people refer to him as the devil or Lucifer, but that is all in reference to the same angel."

"Yeah, I know about him," Devan said. "I just didn't know about..." He let the rest fade and gestured vaguely towards his parents.

"So you know about him being a fallen angel?" Helen asked.

Devan nodded.

"God wanted to create the perfect angel, so he created Lucifer," Helen said. "Lucifer had everything and was perfect in every sense. He was handsome, covered with shimmering jewels and light which radiated from his being. He was given the distinguished title of Grand-Angel which was an honourable rank, allowing him to attend meetings between God and his son, Jesus, to make important decisions.

Over time, Lucifer became jealous of Jesus. He became enraged when he was not allowed to attend a private meeting with God and his son. Lucifer had never felt such anger before, and he actually liked it. In his anger, he decided he would overthrow God. He started to bring together a group of followers, promising them glory and honour that even God couldn't bestow on them. When God found out, he asked Lucifer to repent. However, Lucifer was filled with arrogance and vanity that came from the power of being able to persuade almost half of the angels to turn against God. He did not want to give up this power."

"And that's why Lucifer was stripped of his title and banished from heaven," Victor said. "He and his followers lived in the spirit world at first, but for about the last one thousand years, he has allowed some demons to leave the spirit world to live on Earth."

"Let me guess? I'm a demon."

"Right. Did Seth tell you?" said Helen.

"No, no. I kind of guessed it."

“That just makes you a genius,” Victor rolled his eyes. “Anyway, we’re all demons. You, Seth, Mom, and I. We are all here to serve our master. He wants to destroy every weak person on Earth and eventually take over the entire world. Then when he has a strong enough army, he plans to overthrow God and rule heaven also.”

Helen continued on: “Originally demons could only possess other mortals to take control of their minds. However, those pesky ministers keep on interfering and exposing us, making us very vulnerable. So Satan enabled us demons to take on human bodies right from birth. In this way, we can easily cause accidents and certain mishaps. Humans already have the tendency to do harm to themselves anyway. This is just a way to speed up the process. Ultimately our orders from Satan are for “population control”, using all means but keeping our identities a secret.

Originally God thought that some humans just were naturally violent, and evilness occurred randomly. He realized that we lent a helping hand to some of this. Of course, some humans were just born evil, and their souls can’t be helped, with or without us. After God noticed a slew of disasters and mishaps, he put his pesky angels on Earth in human form also. God copied us and had his angels develop powers such as lightning speed powers and morphing skills to stop all of us.” Helen continued, “When we refer to ourselves or others like us, we use the short form for demons, ‘Dem’ which stands for ‘*Destroying Every Mortal*’. It’s more so that humans won’t recognize what we are talking about.

So we walk amongst the mortals on Earth...the angels and demons. We come from every class and walk of life. We can be poor, blue collar, or upper class families. Dems can be mothers, fathers, grandparents, children...anyone. We can be of any ethnicity or religion and live all around the world. This it is why it is so difficult to detect who is actually a Dem or who is not.”

Victor extended his hand out with his palm up. “The only distinguishing mark we have is this crease in our right palm.” He pointed to the creases that formed a symbol that looked like the letter ‘D’, and Devan looked at his hand to see it there, too. “And of course, you notice the fiery, red flecks in our eyes and the ring around our pupils. Sometimes when we are feeling a strong emotion or anger, a flicker of fire appears in our eyes.”

Devan remembered the figures in the pictures on the wall that had what looked like flames in their eyes. “Okay, so what about...?” He let the question fade and touched the upper part of his forehead, roughly in the

same spot where he had seen the horns pushing through his father's thick brown hair.

"During battles," Victor continued, "our horns develop and a single streak of red appears in our hair. By the way, the hair gel that you use every morning is to keep your horns down inside your skull. When you reach around sixteen years old, they will disappear underneath your skull until they come out when you want them to or in emotional situations. It is better that they are kept hidden for protection purposes. We can sometimes be weak especially when it comes to anger, but we can learn to control it, look away, or leave the situation."

Ahhh, the hair gel. Devan remembered that he and his brother always had to use it. He had just assumed it was used to style his hair.

"We age more slowly and have double the life span of regular humans," mentioned Helen.

This was starting to make sense to Devan. *This explained why Dad was in some of those pictures on the wall.*

Victor continued. "We have become more technically advanced, and small tricks have evolved to huge disasters, which we have been able to successfully mimic and execute with precision, with no warnings or knowledge...before it's too late.

The next best thing is this whole terrorism thing that we are trying to expand on. All the tension and wars that are created due to religion and greed are so effortlessly done. Some humans are easily persuaded by their greed. Terrorism is such an easy means of population control.

The 9/11 attacks proved how effective such terrorism could be on a global scale. It's just a matter of time before we can use it for our master plan. Fred Gordan sacrificed himself by going on one of the planes and helped guide the rest of the terrorists to crash the plane. He was a demon who is worshipped because of this and because he devoted his life to 'devilism'."

This must have been the elderly demon that Devan saw in the pictures of the security cameras at the airport. "What exactly is the Big One?" Devan asked.

"The Big One will change the world. We have Dems working on getting into the most secure government and military sites and gathering up as much information as they can to help us breach their defences. It will be the ultimate terrorist act."

"So you head up these meetings, Dad?"

Victor nodded his head. "We refer to Satan as the King of the underworld, and his Dark Nights of the Dark Round Table are his body guards and confidants who sit around and have meetings about what occurrences and disasters should take place. I relay this information at the monthly Dems meetings, and then we carry out the plans. By the way, you don't want to run into his Dark Nights. They're all close to seven feet tall and dress in long black trench coats with hoods to cover their eyes. Usually only their hair, beards, and mouths are visible. They are very strong and show no mercy."

Devan had been dying to ask about the little girl. The image could not be erased from his mind of her lifeless body lying there with the gash along her neck. "What about the..." Devan said softly as his voice faded. He never felt any emotions towards anyone but he couldn't help feeling a gnawing in the pit of his stomach.

"The what?" Victor asked. He hated his son sounding so sissy about something.

"The girl...with the gash in her neck," Devan said quietly. He looked away, embarrassed. He knew he should have been stronger. "Was that a real girl I saw on the table in that room? That was so gross."

"I know it's hard the first time you see it," Helen said. "But the ritual we perform is very important. It must be done every month. A young virgin angel is sacrificed in the name of Satan, and the blood is a gift to him. Think of it as a means of 'angel population control' of sorts, to keep the angel population more manageable for us."

"Geez, you're pathetic," Victor scoffed. "They're our enemies. It's one less annoying angel to deal with. Besides, the child will be missing without a trace in tomorrow's newspaper...and then eventually a cold case."

Devan swallowed hard as his weary mind tried to process the information. Part of him felt a little thrill at the thought of offering a sacrifice to Satan. Yet, another part cringed, much like he did when doing pranks with Seth. Maybe he wasn't devilish enough to be a demon. He almost laughed at that thought, but he was so tired he didn't have the energy for that. "Will I have to do that someday?" he asked. "You know..." He couldn't even finish the question.

"That depends," his father said. "So don't worry about it now."

"We know this is a lot to take in," Helen said. "Just try to get some sleep. There will be enough time for questions later." She kissed her son on the cheek.

HEAVENLY HELL - Hindered Happiness

“Good night,” Devan said and crawled into his sheets. His parents got up and left, closing the door with a click. Even though he was exhausted, and it was the middle of the night, Devan could not sleep. All he could think about was what his parents had told him. He had suspected there was something significantly different about him, but this wasn’t what he’d expected. He wasn’t sure if he was excited or scared. Devan tossed and turned all night. Morning couldn’t have come sooner. He wanted to hear more.

Devan raced downstairs at the crack of dawn with his bloodshot eyes and uncombed hair. He made a huge fruit salad and an egg white omelette to pass the time. He was almost going to knock on his parents’ door when they finally emerged just after nine o’clock, followed by his brother.

The family gathered at their usual spot, sitting on the stools at the large center island.

“Ahhh,” said Helen. “Nothing like a delicious home cooked breakfast.”

“Nutritious and flavourless,” Seth stated as he gulped a mouthful of the fruit salad and omelette.

Devan ignored his brother’s unappreciative behaviour because he was used to it.

“So, tell me more,” Devan asked impatiently.

“About what?” asked Seth curiously.

“The talk,” said Victor. “By the way, thanks for keeping it a secret. I can always count on you.” He was quite proud of Seth.

Seth beamed.

Devan ignored him. “Tell me more.”

Helen carried on with the explanation. “The Dem organization is fairly extensive and structured like organized crime. However, it’s not really crime for us because we aren’t humans after all, and we don’t go by the judicial system. Even so, we have judges and lawyers in high places that could get us off very easily. We are in all types of workforces, from presidents, politicians, government sectors, military, engineers, to undercover agents, just to name a few. Any type of job or walk of life that you can imagine usually has a few Dems occupying it. So for this matter, it is easy for us to obtain equipment and materials to create our disasters. Everything is kept under the radar. Legitimate jobs and companies are in place to help us with our plans of destruction.

Now, most would call what we do, acts of terrorism but we call it population control. Besides, like I said before, we don’t follow any of their

laws. The Dem organization is funded by way of money laundering. There are several Dems that work for, or own, charities, banks, casinos, and such. They cleverly take small amounts that are virtually undetectable and put them into a universal offshore account used worldwide.”

Seth piped in, “We’re brilliant. Mortals are just not smart enough to come up with some of the greatest inventions and accidents of the world.”

“That’s right,” Victor agreed. “Who do you think were involved with things such as alcohol, tobacco (one of my favourite addiction and death substances), drugs, guns, and weapons of mass destruction, such as nuclear technology? Who do you think helped with the invention of sugar? A pleasure that can cause diabetes in some, and tooth decay for all. Then comes the painful visit to the dentist’s office for some drilling.

Dems are everywhere in laboratories, guiding and *helping* humans to discover these things. All of those unexplained phenomenon and mysteries like sudden deaths can be explained by us. Cancer (which has been amazingly successful), aids, malaria...you name it. If it kills, it is usually the helping handiwork of us. Of course, the child molesters, baby killers, murderers, psychopaths, mentally deranged, and criminals of all types have usually been guided by Dems. A mortal’s heart and soul has to already be evil to start off with, in order for our ‘guidance’ and influence to work. They either succumb to a Dem, or get better by themselves or by the help of those pesky angels. Besides, even if Hitler or King Henry XIII were Dems, it’s all of those humans who decided to follow them and listen to their orders that in turn ultimately killed other humans.”

Devan’s father continued on with some disdain and hatred in his voice. “Hitler gave an idea, and it was up to humans to follow him. In the same way as with all of those weapons of mass destruction, drugs, tobacco, which are known to kill humans, yet, do you think those stupid humans would try to prevent these things from happening? Humans can make a choice. It is their nature. Humans are already prone and are bred to be destructive, with or without us. They just need a helping hand to get the process started. We’re quite proud of some of these accomplishments and successes.”

Devan nodded his head with understanding. That explained it all...demon guidance. It made sense to him now, especially the part about harming children or babies. What normal human being could look at an innocent and helpless child or baby who hasn’t done anything and hurt them in such a despicable and heinous way? He always thought it was a

sub-human act. "You mentioned angels. Are they real angels?" asked Devan.

"Yep, those darn pesky angel do-gooders. They're all amongst us," answered Seth.

"The angels are like a secret service. We refer to them as '*Ang*', or '*All Nations' Guardians*'. They have spies in all places to see if they can counter what we Dems are doing," explained Helen. She continued. "So all around you, you see us doing things to humans and then those darn angels counteracting us. Mortals can't see it with their human vision."

"You'll be battling against angels when the time comes," added Victor.

"Wow, I can't picture myself fighting an angel," said Devan. "I know that I do have some fast-out-of-body episodes. You mentioned '*morphing skills*' earlier. What does that mean?"

"We can morph which is when you turn into an animal. You gain strengths and unique abilities of the animals that you morph into. It is only for a limited time," answered Victor.

Devan smiled. *Cool! I'll have to try morphing.*

"Why don't we just kill humans?" inquired Devan. He had been dying to ask this question.

"We can't. There is a '*Devil's Creed*' that we abide by. One of Satan's *ultimate* rules is that we can't just kill them. That would be too easy. We also cannot reveal our identities or an Ang's identity to humans because then that would sacrifice our own safety. Satan's Dark Nights will come for you, if any of these rules are broken. You don't want to know what will happen if Satan gets a hold of you. Besides, where would the fun be in a quick death? It's better to see them suffer," said Victor.

"You've heard of pets and animals that turn on their owners? Humans think that it's because animals are being provoked or have developed rabies. But guess what? It's actually us. We do it for fun." Victor's smiled evaporated. "Then you've heard about all those animals that save their owners' lives...well, those are those pesky angels who have the ability to morph also."

Helen saw how long this talk was getting to be. "Okay, one last thing for now...the Haytons. We have to watch out for the recruitments of the Haytons, a new generation of Dems. You can call them radicals or extremists. There always seem to be some in the bunch. They are the *fallen demons*."

"Huh?" questioned Devan, scratching his head. "Did you say *fallen demons*?"

“Yes.” She continued. “This rebellious group is lead by Abbad and Calypso. Abbad is Satan’s eldest son who lashed out at his father for the slow progression of how things were going on Earth. When Satan decided to devise a plan to bring more havoc to Earth, by birthing Dems into humans, Abbad was somewhat satisfied. However, he still wanted his father to move to just simply murdering and destroying humans rather than sneaking around. Satan feared that doing too much and being recognized would be the demise of his kind. Abbad never had any patience and became furious with his father. He escaped hell to come to Earth, taking his girlfriend, Calypso, with him. He eventually wants to destroy angels, destroy his father, take over Earth, and eventually take over the underworld. His recruitment of the Dems on Earth is slowly building up in numbers. He designated their kind as the Haytons, the fallen demons who are worse than us. Satan will do anything to bring Abbad back to hell and will have his Dark Nights destroy any Hayton on the spot. Recruitment of Haytons is difficult to come by because they fear Satan. Abbad usually tries to seek Dems who have gone astray on Earth and are sick and tired of hiding. He encourages just murdering in daylight rather than sneaking around, making silly mischief, or guiding others.

The Haytons have the same strengths and powers as all other Dems. However, their kind would sometimes make a game of who could murder the most and get away with it. Such Haytons include serial killers such as Jack the Ripper, Ted Bundy, and Jeffrey Dahmer.

Now the whole point of being a Dem is to be discreet with mischievous deeds and guiding others to do deeds. This way, the individual is blamed for the consequences and misfortunes. The Haytons are blatantly doing deeds in front of others and have killed mortals in plain sight. Most of them avoid any type of incarceration because Satan has told Dem law enforcements and judges to get them off in order to not attract any attention. The whole point is that we demons are not invincible. We can get hurt and mangled in fights and battles. We have the ability to usually heal faster and can often walk away unharmed from certain accidents, depending on the situation. But if those mortals ever found out how to kill us – by just chopping off our horns – we would be left vulnerable.

These Haytons are ruining everything for us, almost more so than those annoying angels.

One of Satan’s Dark Nights is his other son, Baddon, who is really the ‘good’ son and would never betray his father. Satan’s request is that his son, Baddon, finds the Haytons and destroys them. However, he would like

Abbad brought back unharmed for his own repercussions. This needs to all be done before they make the humans too suspicious,” Helen concluded.

Victor wanted to add one more thing. “When we die naturally, thirteen days later our bodies disintegrate to ashes. Humans would never know because they would have performed the funeral and burial by then. In combat, when our horns have been torn off, we instantly turn into ashes.”

Devan was shocked and overwhelmed with all of this information. He was aware that he was a little different from other human beings but to actually be told that he was a demon was still incredible.

Devan remembered an experience when he was seven years old when he was at school on the playground. He recalled that there was this bully named Shane who picked on kids who were smaller than him and would take their snacks. Shane had pushed a little boy off the swing and had taken his place. Devan remembered how hot and angry he felt...to the point of sweating. His hands had quickly flashed before him, like an out-of-body experience and he pushed Shane off the swing. Shane stood up and wondered embarrassingly, if his own hands had slipped, causing him to fall. He took out his anger on the two kids who laughed at him. At first, Devan thought he was seeing things. Then it happened again in class when his least favourite teacher, Mrs. Weinstein, was walking down his aisle. She was in her usual foul mood that day and had already picked on Devan because his writing was “illegible” as she called it. As she walked by, Devan’s foot reached out and tripped her, but it was so fast that no one noticed. She went tumbling onto the floor.

Devan had mentioned some of these occurrences to Seth who said that they had certain powers. He also said that Devan shouldn’t try to understand it, but just have fun with it. Then Seth said seriously that they were demons, and that was all he could say for now.

Up until this point, Devan was still curious but just accepted what Seth and Barry did. Besides, most of the mischief couldn’t be seen with the naked eye, so they never got caught. Any mishap created could usually be explained by the person’s own clumsiness, fluke, or “wrong place at the wrong time” scenarios. Devan really wanted answers and was glad that he was finally getting them from his parents. Although maybe he would have been better off with no explanation because he found this all so ridiculous to believe.

One particular incident that Devan did not tell anyone about had just occurred the other day. He was walking across the street and got beeped and cursed at by a man driving an SUV. Devan angrily eyed the man and

thought that the man should go to hell, as he had a vision of the man running into the traffic light. All of a sudden, Devan witnessed the man veer directly into the traffic light. There was only damage to the car and the man's ego, since he was going too slow for the accident to be fatal. Devan wondered if this was a fluke and decided to just forget about it.

"Wow," gasped Devan as he pointed both of his hands to his chest. "I still can't believe that I'm a demon." *It all makes sense because now I can attribute my mood swings to my inner-demon personality*, thought Devan.

"Well," Victor sneered. "Make me proud that you are a demon."

With that, the conversation concluded as Victor opened the newspaper to the "Obituary" section, Helen started clearing the dishes away, and Seth took off to his room. Devan got up and trudged up to his bedroom in a daze, still perplexed over their breakfast conversation.



Teenagers, Angelica and Devan - meet, hate, then fall in love. But... they discover she's an angel and he's a demon. Can they make it work? See them battle for what they believe in. See them struggle with ultimate sacrifices, betrayals, morals, and, most importantly, love.

HEAVENLY HELL

Hindered Happiness

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6332.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**